

But when he frown'd, it was against the *French*,
 And not against his friends : his noble hand
 Did win what he did spend ; and spent not that
 Which his triumphant father's hand had won :
 His hands were guilty of no kindred's blood,
 But bloody with the enemies of his kin.
 O, *Richard*, *York* is too far gone with grief,
 Or else he never would compare between —

K. Rich. Why, uncle, what's the matter ?

York. O, my liege !^a

Seek you to seize, and gripe into your hands
 The royalties and rights of banish'd *Hereford* ?
 Is not *Gaunt* dead, and doth not *Hereford* live ?
 Was not *Gaunt* just, and is not *Harry* true ?
 Did not the one deserve to have an heir ?
 Is not his heir a well-deserving son ?
 Take *Hereford's* rights away, and take from time
 His charters, and his customary rights :
 Let not to-morrow then ensue to-day ;
 Be not thyself : for how art thou a king
 But by fair sequence and succession ?
 If you do wrongfully seize *Hereford's* right,
 Call in his letters patents that he hath,
 By his attorneys-general, to sue
 His livery, and deny his offer'd homage,
 You pluck a thousand dangers on your head ;
 You lose a thousand well-disposed hearts ;
 And prick my tender patience to those thoughts
 Which honour and allegiance cannot think.

K. Rich. Think what you will ; we seize into our hands
 His plate, his goods, his money, and his lands.

York. I'll not be by the while : my liege, farewell ;
 What will ensue hereof, there's none can tell :

^a ----- my liege,
 Pardon, if you please ; if not,
 I, pleas'd not to be pardon'd, am content.
 Seek you to seize, &c.